The
COMMONWEAL

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Neither Appeasement Nor War

ONCE the national election is decided, public attention will swing sharply toward the issue of increasing American aid to Britain. Among others, two committees, the William Allen White Committee "To Defend America by Aiding the Allies" and "The America First Committee," which have been apparently withholding their fire during the climax of the campaign will renew for all to see their controversy over the proper American foreign policy. That will be the paramount issue of the next few months. And THE COMMONWEAL intends to make it a topic for normal comment and analysis. Whereas, in the case of war, the statesman has to decide things, to make his choice between two evils when necessary, immediately and in the practical sphere of action, the journalist has a different responsibility. His analysis should be less hurried, more painstaking. He is not forced to be so quickly decisive. The question of increasing American aid to Britain is not an isolated one; it must be viewed within a larger framework of the general problem of opposing the advance of totalitarianism. A number of THE COMMONWEAL'S contributing editors, and no doubt a number of our readers, will not concur with the conviction we express at this point of the analysis. That conviction is that the most effective means of opposing Hitlerism lie somewhere between the extremes of appeasement and outright intervention. We are in opposition both to appeasing the dictators and to working to prepare American public opinion for full entry into the war. We believe that it is important, indeed essential, to explore other possibilities.

One of the terms most widely and loosely bandied about in the Presidential campaign is the term "appeasement." In stating our opposition to the attempt to defend America in this fashion, we mean that we are flatly opposed to the deliberate sacrifice of principles of international morality for the sake of conciliating Hitler, Mussolini, et al. Likewise, it would be a grave error to make political or economic concessions to the dictators in hopes of diverting nazi lightning from our shores. Appeasement would be abhorrent and futile as well. In forthcoming issues THE COMMONWEAL intends to discuss at some length the "New Order" which the dictators hold out for the whole world. We are not in the slightest convinced by talk to the effect that the "order" achieved by Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy may not be so bad after all. Suffice it to say here that whatever good is embodied in the economic reorganization of Europe under a single directing force is hopelessly disfigured by such features of the Italian and German system as racialism, hatred, ruthlessness, enslavement of populations, concentration camps, corruption of education, systematic destruction of religion. Obviously, collaboration with a system such as this ought to be unthinkable.

Catholics in the United States, a land rich in space and well endowed with natural resources, which has thus far been preserved by its very geography from the impact of war, cannot in justice regard this situation as if it did not concern the United States. There is nothing splendid about isolationism today. As Catholics we have the deepest concern for our fellow humans in other lands; we cannot be indifferent to the fate of other members of Christ's Mystical Body. When one member suffers, all the members suffer. And millions of our fellow men are undergoing a terrible ordeal today. The evidence is clear that Catholicism in the totalitarian states is gradually and deliberately being stamped out. How many people realize, for instance, that all Catholic schools in Germany have been closed for more than two years? To assert one's opposition to the spread of totalitarianism is not to assert that we uphold the status quo, the British Empire, the evils of Anglo-American capitalism. It is to voice unalterable opposition to the more terrible evils embodied in the spread of totalitarianism of the German, Italian, Japanese, or Russian stamp. The real difficulty we find is to say what form that opposition is to take. The real question is whether effective means short of full entry into the war can be formulated.

That will be the subject of critical discussion in these pages during the next few weeks.

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Policy in Transition

Now and the Future

AMBASSADOR KENNEDY is one of the most sympathetic public servants working for the United States, and he comes to America now with the authority gained from previous offices and immediate experience in the capital of the active war. His speech before elections, whose party content will be dated when this appears, contained important political considerations which will be the center of public attention for years, no matter who wins the election. As the times require, the address was in many respects a tormented utterance and the policy depicted was one of transition: a policy in development; work in progress. "The people of America are dedicated to the cause of peace. They want a chance to work out their own problems, and if possible, to help the realization of the age-old dream of a world without war. The American people overwhelmingly repudiate the philosophy of Blitzkrieg—that force is the sole arbiter of man's destiny. . . . The American people are overwhelmingly in favor of avoiding war and at the same time giving all aid short of war to Great Britain. . . . No irritants, no incidents, should blind us to what happens when war is declared." Ambassador Kennedy draws as the first conclusion from these desires which Americans share with remarkable unanimity the fact that the US must strengthen itself in army, navy and production. Here is a summation of the past several years which we believe few citizens would or could dispute. It is, necessarily, the defensive, almost passive side of foreign policy on which the country can base itself, we hope, solidly. But as Ambassador Kennedy clearly showed, the future must hold a development beyond this, a solving of contradictions and a positive and more creative rôle for America, if this country is to play its full part. The nation can hope that in the struggle for a policy (no subordinate part of the struggle against totalitarianism), Mr. Kennedy, and men of his kind, will devote such energies as he has done in the past.

France and the New Order

The Gathering Darkness

NO GREAT purpose is served in speculating as to how far France will go in the direction of collaboration with the Axis powers. The bargain that is being struck between the victors and the vanquished is a strange one. The word bargain also seems a strange word to use: there is nothing material France can give that the Germans and Italians cannot take. Bases and ships and factories cannot be withheld by France; Germany can hold the French prisoners, the French cities, the French land. There is, however, bargaining and it is taking place on a different plane. For what the Axis powers are demanding from France depends on a French decision: it is the acceptance of the New Order. In other wars the conqueror demanded land and money; in this revolution no conquest can be complete without the spiritual adherence of the conquered to the conqueror's way and plant of life. That is what is at stake in the bargaining between Petain and Hitler. It is all that France has left to grant or refuse.

What the French Government can and may do is to use its influence to prevent Frenchmen in the army of Syria from aiding the British, the Turks, the Greeks. At home it can and may counsel its people a spiritual acceptance sufficiently pronounced so that the factories integrated into the German production scheme will have men willing to work them. What the Germans exact as payment for certain concessions—and none is greater than the immediate return of the prisoners—is that France say to England and to the United States that she sees her future in the new European order and not in any hope of liberation from that order. Do not come to save me, she can say. If the Germans can achieve such acquiescence from France, and from Belgium and Holland, and Roumania, they can turn to British and American opinion and state as a matter of fact that Europe desires to live in the new order and in peace.

France is exhausted and hard pressed. In the November *Atlantic Monthly* Gertrude Stein has written a human, direct account of the advent of German troops in a French village and their departure and she tells what hopes and what fatigue is left to the simple people of the countryside. Everyone should read that piece before judging the French. One can and must talk of treachery and fascism and appeasement and of a government paying an inadmissible price for an uncertain advantage, but those words must be spoken in the voice one would use if one were walking in the darkness gathering over the world and over France, in the first cold rains of autumn—and with sad friends.

English Evacuees Headed for Ireland

25,000 by Christmas?

A RECENT news dispatch to American papers describes the negotiations going forward between the English government and those of Dublin and Ulster regarding the evacuation of refugees to Ireland. These talks were opened at the instance of the Irish Premier Eamon de Valera after the torpedoing of the City of Benares, in which 79 children went to their death. Apparently an agreement upon the various technical difficulties is expected in a short time, for some London authorities are estimating that

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as many as 25,000 women and children may be transferred to Ireland by Christmas. In its immediate aspects, of course, this is a matter of getting non-combatants into a place of relative safety as expeditiously as possible. Good will is evident in the making and the taking up of the offer, but it seems to be impersonal good will, and the negotiators in Dublin and in London alike apparently are sticking to the concrete problems involved. These include some modification of the rigid visa rules to permit settlement of the evacuees in Ireland for the duration, the provision of English transports, and the selection of evacuees who are able to make their own arrangements directly and pay for their own upkeep. It is not clear which government dictated this last requirement, but it seems likely to have been an English precaution to minimize difficulty and friction at the beginning of the venture. Later the refugee lists will doubtless be widened to include those who need every sort of help; Ireland is small and poor, but no one has ever said that she cared only for paying guests. These, to repeat, are the present aspects. But readers will find a deeper interest in this news item, and will see in the events it describes one of those chances for cooperation and understanding upon which so much of the future depends.

The World of Tomorrow Becomes Past

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW, which went October 27, was big enough to use for pointing almost any moral you want to tell. It can safely be said, however, that the great Fair did not foreshadow the future. By its nature it had to reflect the past and present which made it. Most poignantly the Fair assembled as in a museum symbols of the countries which have been swept into the war and those which have been, for now at least, obliterated by the war. The conspicuous absence of a German pavilion symbolized the state of the West more clearly than anything else on the Flushing Meadows. But such gloom was certainly not the dominant note of New York's exposition: where 45,000,000 visitors ate 16,222,358 hot dogs; where 8,650,504 customers viewed Billy Rose's Aquacade; where 537,952 people went the last day with only one of them getting arrested for "going too far."

No Ill Omen

Principally, it was a colossal show. The most obvious theme was gigantism, and the high development of American industry and promotion. The promotional problem appeared to be that of humanizing the rich (cost, $155,0000,000) and efficient and powerful and even beautiful productions of those sections of American life which were sufficiently interested and capable to join in the activity. New York struggled to be folksy as well as great, developing a genial "Elmer" where people would know how to find him. The great American Tel. and Tel. encouraged Pedro, the mechanical "Voder" with the mechanical voice, to utter on the last gay night that human song, "Auld Lang Syne." And finally, Mr. Moses was waiting at the gate to rip up what was left of the exotic at the Fair and transform the 1,216½ acres of the old Astoria dump into another living park for future denizens of the city. The Fair will not be forgotten, and will not be remembered as an unhappy passage in the city's history. Even those now sad foreign exhibits represented the desire and the purpose to know the world and appreciate it, and to share with the world the creation of an efficient, productive and friendly civilization beyond the Trylon and beyond the war.

Coming Home to Roost

THE VERY idea of Negroes throwing mud to damage the election strength of white political candidates might upset the equilibrium of Senator Bilbo and leaders of the Bund and Ku Klux Klan, but it should not upset anybody. It was a sloppy trick to accuse the Willkie family of race prejudice simply because the Willkie family lived in Indiana; or because Mrs. Wendell Willkie is a native of Kentucky. (We might add that Abraham Lincoln traced his lineage to Kentucky.) It was equally sloppy to have Chicago Negro Republican leaders even things up with Harlem's Negro Democrats by accusing the Roosevelts of being responsible for the deplorable conditions in the deep South. Charges like these do the particular Negroes who make them more discredit than the candidates they seek to defeat. Still, if we are willing to consider the pent-up hatreds that the Negro is nursing, and the crimes against black people that kindle these hatreds, we are moving towards some sort of solution. We believe that mud-throwing is disgraceful no matter who throws it. But while the Willkie family was not back of Indiana prejudice, many more thousands of Indiana people have been; if the Roosevelts have shown themselves decent to Negroes, the Southern Democrats are a disgrace in the eyes of fair-minded people. Even the Communists with all their professed love for the Negro have exploited his ills in a fashion as disgusting as it is dangerous to the welfare of the nation. There is an old saw about chickens that come home to roost. In the campaign both old parties found that they had left their barn doors open. The American people must keep their balance long enough to realize that no less than thirteen American States (as many as started our country) treat the Negro as half a man. The colored brother is the victim of lynch mobs, Jim Crow laws, and wholesale segregation everywhere. Either we eradicate these ills or the chickens will continue coming home to roost.

Behind Some Mud-Throwing

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Trade Union Membership—A Duty?

A manufacturer and a teacher continue the debate on a man's obligation to join a union.

By **George Morrell and Joseph N. Moody**

Part One: Objection

IN THE COMMONWEAL for September 13 there is an article entitled "Trade Union Membership—A Duty?" by Joseph N. Moody.

On page 436, "Contributors," I am informed that "the Rev. Joseph N. Moody is a priest of the New York Archdiocese, teaches at Cathedral and New Rochelle Colleges, and works actively with the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists."

This of course classifies the partisanship of the Rev. Joseph N. Moody. Father Moody seems to have earned the title: "Apostle of Despair":

> But it is impossible in our present industrial order for the average working man to obtain a living family wage except through trade union organization. . . .
> (He trusts unions.)
> He cannot expect to obtain it [a living family wage] by voluntary action of employers. Even where employers might wish to do so, they rarely are secure enough to make their desire effective. . . .
> (He despairs of voluntary action of employers.)
> He cannot secure it [a living family wage] by individual bargaining with the employer. . . .
> (He despairs of the individual ability to take care of himself.)
> He cannot await the happy day when the automatic readjustment of the *"natural laws"* of economics brings him his just due. . . .
> (He despairs of "natural laws." I was taught that "natural laws" were instituted by God; therefore he doesn't trust God's laws.)
> He cannot place total reliance upon the state to secure these things for him. . . .
> (He despairs of the ability of the state to secure justice for the wage earner.)
> There is only one other possibility: to join with his fellow workers in trade union organizations and secure a living wage by common action.

Now, may I ask Father Moody what he means by *"common action"?*

I quote from an article in the New York *Times* of Sunday, September 21st:

> District Attorney Dewey and the Police Department took action, after two large apartment houses on Central Park West had been defaced with "paint bombs," to end the outbreak of vandalism and the slugging of non-union painters which have marked the strike of 12,000 members of the A. F. of L. Brotherhood of Painters. . . .
>
> Ambrogio Roballo, 35 years old, a Negro from the Cape Verdi Islands, giving his address as 117 West 141st Street, and identifying himself as a member of Local 848 of the Brotherhood of Painters, was booked on a felonious charge of malicious mischief at the West 135th Street Police Station after he had been questioned concerning damage to halls and walls in a large apartment house at 2340 Seventh Avenue. He will be arraigned in Felony Court today.
>
> Carl Rosenberg, 25, of 3657 Broadway, who described himself as a member of Local 892, and Alexander G. Akula, 31, of 5806 Snyder Avenue, Brooklyn, were arrested on charges of felonious assault after they were alleged to have beaten three painters at work in a residential building at 206 East Fifty-seventh Street. According to the police a third man escaped. Julius Tramontano of 897 Elsmere Place, The Bronx, said the trio appeared about noon and attacked him and two companions. Mr. Tramontano was sent to Metropolitan Hospital for treatment.

Is this the "common action" Father Moody advocates? If not, then what kind?

And what kind of "union" does Father Moody endorse. This is a fair question. Of course in his above mentioned article he endorces unions *in toto;* but I very much doubt this. I can hardly believe that a Catholic priest would endorse the *"common action"* advocated and used by such labor leaders as Petrillo, $49,000-a-year "czar" (the definition is by Mr. Lawrence Tibbett) of the American Federation of Musicians, or of Scalise, president of the Building Service Employees International Union, or of a Bioff, a Lanza, etc.

> At the recent Rochester, N. Y., convention of the C.I.O. representatives of thirteen "left wing" unions walked out (New York *Times,* September 21, 1940).

"Left wing" means "Communist."

Are these the kind of unions Father Moody endorses? Again I ask Father Moody, what does he mean by "common action?"

The unions described in the encyclicals are something else again from the unions we have in A.D. 1940. The unions mentioned and endorsed in the encyclicals were to be under the supervision of the bishop of the diocese; wages were to be based on the family status of the wage earner; wages were not to be confiscatory, etc., etc.

What is a living wage? In a letter written several years ago to Monsignor Ryan, which he never answered, I informed him that the Sisters teaching in our parochial school receive a compensation of $35 monthly plus living quarters. I told Monsignor Ryan that one-half of this $35 went to the Mother House of the Sisters and that

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this left $17.50 monthly for each Sister for her food and clothing. To the best of my knowledge and belief, I have not as yet heard of one Catholic Sister starving to death. Evidently the $17.50 per month must be sufficient to take care of them. It is true, and I so admitted to the Right Reverend Monsignor, that Sisters do not use lipstick, rouge, or red polish on fingernails. But I believe Father Moody will admit that these are not necessities.

I repeat, what is a "living wage?" Under date of September 1, 1940 the newspapers published the following:

> Average weekly cost of living for an urban family of five was calculated by the Canadian Labor Department at $17.84 at the beginning of July, compared with $17.52 the month before and $16.93 year ago.

Does Father Moody honestly believe that an increase in wages either on an hourly basis or on a weekly basis or on a monthly basis if applied universally actually increases the family income without the increase being immediately reflected in a proportionate increased cost of living?

It is easy for demagogues and politicians to preach "class hatred"; to endorse "common action"—whatever that means. They want votes. But for a Catholic priest to become "partisan" is undignified—yes, even dangerous. He is a disciple of Jesus Christ; at least he wants to be so considered. He should therefore remember the "Gospel of the vineyard" or of "the lilies in the field." He should remember the Commandment "Thou shalt not covet. . . ."

No Catholic priest has the right to preach the Gospel of despair. Not all employers are angels, but neither are all unions run by angels.

If Father Moody and other Catholic priests know what's wrong with the present economic system then let them show us manufacturers how to run our businesses or let them help the worker to improve his lot in life. To withhold such knowledge is criminal. Let them follow the examples of Monsignor Flanagan of Boystown, Nebraska, the example of Monsignor Luigi G. Ligutti, pastor of the Church of the Assumption in Granger, Iowa, who declares that "the relief problem of the United States can be solved by a proper use of the soil" and has proven it, and of Father D. Wilfred Soucy of St. John's Valley, Maine (described in the October American Magazine).

These are doers in the vineyard of the Lord and the Lord blessed their efforts. They do not preach "despair." Their "common action" means working together, cooperation and success. We need more Catholic priests like these.

The Catholic Church can well do without preachers of "despair." Certainly such should not be allowed to teach in Catholic Colleges.

GEORGE MORRELL.

Part Two: Rebuttal

I AM DEEPLY indebted to Mr. Morrell for presenting the negative side to my claim for the moral necessity of trade union membership. It represents an attempt of a sincere Catholic employer to face this problem and it offers me an opportunity for what a Congressman might call "an extension of remarks." Since Mr. Morrell is a Catholic, we can approach this question from the common ground of the authoritative teaching of the Church.

Mr. Morrell's lengthy presentation of his case divides itself into four parts:

1. A running series of comments on my line of argument which sums up to the charge that I am "an apostle of despair." The first point in the indictment is that I "trust unions," which is another way of saying that I believe that trade unionism plays a necessary function in our industrial society. Pope Pius XI, commenting in "Quadragesimo Anno" on Leo XIII's approval of trade unionism, says:

> Among these he (Pope Leo XIII) attributed *prime importance* to societies consisting either of workingmen alone, or of working men and employers together. He devotes much space to describing and commending these societies and expounds with remarkable prudence their nature, reason and opportunities, their rights, duties and laws. The lesson was well timed. For at that period rulers of not a few nations were deeply infected with Liberalism, and regarded such unions with disfavor, if not with open hostility. While readily recognizing and patronizing similar corporations among other classes, *with criminal injustice* they denied the *innate right* of forming associations to those *who needed them most for self protection against oppression by the more powerful.* There were *even Catholics,* who viewed with suspicion the efforts of the laboring classes to form such unions, as if they reflected the spirit of Socialistic or revolutionary agitators (italics mine throughout).

The Pope goes on to commend the priests and laymen who have attempted to implement the suggestions of his predecessor. Our present Holy Father, in his Encyclical "Sertum Laetitiae" says:

> Men are by nature sociable, and it is quite lawful for them to join forces in order to promote their common legitimate interests. Consequently, you cannot without injustice refuse to workingmen or to peasants the same freedom of association which is enjoyed by their employers; they must be at liberty to protect their own rights in this way, and to secure for themselves in this way a fuller measure of profit, for their bodily and mental well-being, and for the attainment of the harmless amenities of life.

To present the full case for trade unions from the papal teaching would require the quotation of a great part of the social encyclicals of the recent popes.

I am said to despair of the voluntary action of employers to better social conditions. In my pessimism, I find myself in the good company of the

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American bishops and merely recognize the fact that in a free competitive system the good will of many employers will prove ineffective as long as their competitors elect to gain advantage by depressing wages below the level of decency. Even Mr. Morrell could not maintain a benevolent policy if a group of his fellow manufacturers of casein plastic products decided to pursue a ruthless labor policy. In this respect trade unions are a protection to the morally minded employer by restraining his less conscionable competitors. As for "despair" in the encyclicals, read Leo XIII. "Workingmen have been given over, isolated and defenseless, to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition." Then Pius XI in "Quadragesimo Anno" speaks of "the hand-to-mouth uncertainty which is the lot of the proletarian" and says "dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded;" most significantly, note his appeal to Catholic industrialists in "Divini Redemptoris":

> Therefore we turn again in a special way to you, Christian employers and industrialists, whose problem is so difficult for the reason that you are *saddled with the heavy heritage of an unjust economic régime whose ruinous influence has been felt through many generations.* We bid you be mindful of your responsibility. It is unfortunately true that the manner of acting in certain Catholic circles has done much to shake the faith of the working-classes in the religion of Jesus Christ. These groups have refused to understand that Christian charity demands the recognition of certain rights due to the workingman, which the Church has explicitly acknowledged. What is to be thought . . . of the action of *those Catholic industrialists who even to this day have shown themselves hostile to a labor movement that we ourselves recommended?* Is it not deplorable that the right of private property defended by the Church should so often have been used as a weapon to defraud the workingman of his just salary and his social rights.

On the next point, I beg Mr. Morrell to reconsider. I do not think he means what his words imply. I am sure that it must have been a slip when he confused the natural law, ordained by God, with the operations of the current economic system. If he still has doubts, let him turn to "Quadragesimo Anno" which condemns economic liberalism in stern language, including the proposition that "by an inexorable economic law all accumulation of riches must fall to the share of the wealthy, while the workingman must remain perpetually in indigence or reduced to the minimum needed for existence."

In regard to his last comment in this section, I still feel that the workingman cannot place *total* reliance on the state, and I am sure that Mr. Morrell must be in accord on this point, despite his insistence on "despair," for he would have much to lose if the state took over the complete control of our economic processes.

Underlying these comments, there is a fundamental disagreement. Mr. Morrell implies that our present economic system is satisfactory; I emphatically maintain it is not. I wish we could walk together through the working class district of one of our industrial cities, and visit the homes of the poorer paid laborers and the unemployed. Sharing this experience, I am sure we would agree that there is a moral issue involved and that the Popes were wise in urging us both to work to eliminate the flagrant abuses. He would learn that I am not suffering from the delusion that all workingmen are "angels," but that I do insist that they are men, creatures of God endowed with reason and free will, and brothers of Jesus Christ, and as such entitled to their God-given rights.

2. The second section quotes press notices of evils committed by union men, and I am asked if I approve these things. Obviously I do not; in fact, one of the prime purposes of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists is to bring Catholic ethical principles into the trade unions and so restrain the activities of radicals and racketeers (a course, incidently, commanded by Pope Pius XI). But it is somewhat unreasonable to expect a higher standard of conduct in unions than in the general body of the public of which they form a part. The same newspapers which told Mr. Morrell of the deeds of Mr. Petrillo et al., informed me of bank presidents who went to jail for fraud, doctors and lawyers who practised unethically, husbands who abandoned their families, and even clergymen who deceived their flocks. Yet I do not propose to do away with banks, the practice of medicine and law, the institution of marriage nor the observance of religion. Contemporary American society leaves much to be desired, and there is general need of reformation. Trade unions are no exception. In fact, since they have been the object of rigorous campaigns of suppression throughout American history, the abnormal conditions under which they grew have left their marks upon them. But I do not believe the abuse of a thing destroys its essential value. I note that Mr. Morrell makes no mention of such splendid labor leaders as Philip Murray nor Sidney Hillman, nor does he pay tribute to the millions of honest men in the ranks of the unions. I do not "despair" of human nature, and I believe that through education and proper guidance the unions can be rid of their undesirable elements. In fact, I am doing my small part to bring about this end through the workers schools of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and I think this is a more reasonable and Catholic procedure than torrents of abuse or an attitude of despair.

Mr. Morrell concludes this part of his letter with the totally unsupported statement that the unions of the encyclical are not those of America 1940. The popes knew and discussed the abuses in trade unions, for most contemporary European

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unions were anti-Catholic. But they distinguished between the abuse and the inherent value, and supported the principle of unionism despite its practical limitations. Certainly, the American bishops in their letter of 1939 knew our conditions, yet they repeat the papal approval in emphatic language.

3. Mr. Morrell then goes on to ask two questions: 1. What is a living wage? To give point to the question he notes approvingly that Catholic nuns live on $17.50 plus living quarters without lipstick, rouge and red nail polish. But he must have heard of the distinction between voluntary and involuntary poverty. The living standards of nuns, specially consecrated by vow to the service of God, is hardly an index for the average lay person. In addition to the absence of nail polish, nuns have not families to support, nor children to educate, nor doctor or hospital bills to consider, nor periods of unemployment nor old age worries. Granting that the analogy limps, what is a living wage? First of all, the Popes tell us what it is not. It is not the bare level necessary to support life and propagate the race. On the contrary, it is enough, they say, to permit a *family* to live in decent comfort, to put aside some savings for emergencies, and to become ultimately owners of real property. They do not attempt to fix this amount in dollars, for they were aware that economic values fluctuate. For ourselves, accepting the standards of the Holy Father we can be sure: 1) that a large proportion of the American workingmen do not receive a living wage in the papal sense; 2) that there is little inclination to grant him such in view of the opposition of organized industry to the extremely modest provisions of the Minimum Wage Law. To ask for figures for a living wage when prices and local conditions vary is to demand the impossible.

Will increases in wages alone benefit the worker? The obvious negative hardly requires amplification.

4. The final section includes: 1. Personal references which may be ignored. 2. Praise of Father Flanagan, Ligutti and Soucy in which I heartily concur. These splendid priests would agree, I am sure: a) that they are engaged in specialized social action which does not cover the field of industry; b) that their work is necessary because of the deficiencies of our social order; c) that further work in the field of industrial relationships by Catholics is equally imperative. 3. References to the parables which can hardly be interpreted to mean that Christ preached injustice.

In retrospect, I am glad that I did not disturb Mr. Morrell further by recalling some of the more revolutionary proposals of the encyclicals such as the demand that workingmen share in the management and profits of industry.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

Blood for Britons

ANONYMOUS

THE SUNDAY paper had said to call Sacramento 2,-8950 and find out where to go. I had made the call and they had assigned me to a hospital way over on the East River. No breakfast, they had said. Once in the building it took no time at all to shoot up to the operating room, G 1144. I had no idea what awaited me but if 6,000 people in the last few weeks had each given a pint of blood, it couldn't be anything extraordinary. Your blood type did not matter either since they had some way of separating something from something so as to ship plasma or something across the sea. Blood Transfusion Betterment Association, they called it and it was somehow connected with the Red Cross.

In G 1144 several men were waiting on the sidelines, ranged around a grey-tiled wall. The day was sunny and the room looked bright. A smiling nurse motioned me to a chair and I sat back and looked around. Hanging from the ceiling was an imposing spotlight cased in grey and marked *"Carl Zeiss—Jena."* That gave me a start. It was the Germans themselves who had been most proficient in producing lenses and all sorts of scientific instruments, and where were American doctors and hospitals to get them now? How many months would elapse before we could get them again. And wasn't Jena the scene of one of the 19th Century conqueror's greatest victories, when he was young and on the way up?

Below the spotlight, instead of an operating table, there was a plain, flat-topped desk where two volunteer nurses were interviewing prospective donors. The man to the right of the desk must have been one of the nation's outstanding tackles back in the twenties. Most of the men on the sidelines were solid too; it looked as if they could easily spare a pint of blood. Nearly everyone was immersed in his morning paper and no one seemed nervous. This was New York and there were no moves toward starting up a conversation. The only thing was that everyone seemed unusually polite about waiting for his turn to walk up to the desk. We smiled quietly at one another.

As my turn came nearer I paid more attention to the proceedings at the desk. The questions were brief and simple—such things as place and date of birth, the date of the last transfusion and whether the prospective donor had ever had heart trouble, tuberculosis, malaria or syphilis. When they asked that last question both nurses seemed to look away and hurried over it. How they brightened up when the time came to talk about drinking plenty of liquids for the next two or three days. How much they seemed to enjoy

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inviting everyone to come back for a glass of milk on the way out. They looked competent but were human rather than hard-boiled.

Of the two nurses I hoped that my turn would take me to the older one and as the time grew near that was the way it was to be. At the last moment, however, a young doctor with the familiar stethoscope dangling from his pocket stopped by for a chat just long enough to spoil my chances. The younger woman, whose grey smock bore a blood-red insignia which left no doubt as to her affiliation with the Red Cross, filled out my card for me. By that time, I knew the questions and answers by heart, while temperature and pulse taking were only the matter of a moment. Soon I was awaiting the next step in the process, armed with a variety of cards and two stoppered test tubes labeled with my name and number. Why did they enter temperatures according to the metric system, I wondered?

The next stop was a small waiting room where four of us peeled down to our undershirts. One of the four was an attractive young fellow with an open Irish face who was wearing several holy medals. The dressing room seemed more like a locker room than anything else and in no time New York inhibitions about talking to strangers had broken down and all four of us were comparing notes. A burly youth who had gotten one step ahead of us by stripping to the waist, half reclined on the couch in the corner and regaled the rest of us with what he knew about transfusions.

The doctors who examined hearts, lungs, haemoglobin and blood pressure were young and hearty too. They grinned when they tapped chest and back and shoulders or compared a drop of blood with a handy color chart. So far there had been nothing alarming. We were all stripped to the waist now and the room was not warm; I wondered why I should be perspiring so freely at the armpits? Two men came back from the transfusion room somewhat uncertainly and started to put on their street clothes. The middle-aged Englishman from Cheshire was perky enough in conversation, but when he stood before the mirror to straighten his tie, his cheeks looked drained.

At this point, someone beckoned to me; it seemed at last that the coach was sending me into the game. I whispered an ejaculation and crossed the threshold. There were four beds in the room, innumerable doctors, nurses, black rubber tubes, white enamel basins. The bed in the far corner was vacant. I was flat on my back and a woman with "volunteer" marked on her white starched coat came over to cover my chest with a towel. Staring up at the bare ceiling all I could see was another blue *"Carl Zeiss—Jena"* spotlight. Those German scientists again.

A plump little nurse with ruddy cheeks and startling blue eyes began daubing my left arm with something cold and wet. Then some strips I didn't examine were tied fairly tightly around the upper arm. Someone said, "Ready" and a doctor came up and told me to clench my fist. How explosively expressive is the communist salute, I thought; you put all your outraged feelings into it. "I am going to stick you," said the doctor, but he struck with such speed and skill that I hardly felt it.

The nurse cheerily told me to start opening and closing my fist, explaining, "You pull and I push." Mme. Volunteer and others began to hover around and murmur that it was going well, That was kind of them, for I did not have the heart to watch the proceedings myself. When the nurse suggested I take up blood donating as a profession, the thought came: well, if I don't get down to the office pretty soon . . .

The muscles of my tennis arm (since I am left-handed—shouldn't they have asked?) continued to clench and unclench that fist. With eyes closed there was absolutely no sensation. Could that be all there was to it? What, I mused, would Dorothy Day think of this? Would she approve at all of this method of participating in the war. She was having a fierce time over her convictions on conscientious objection—even losing some of the best CW lieutenants because of it. Dorothy's convictions cannot be tossed lightly aside, though; come what may she will stand by them.

"You'd better rest for awhile, now," said the nurse gently. The room was full of moving, filled with talk. The man on the bed next to me was having a hard time filling his quota. I must work hard to produce mine. Mme. Volunteer came over to state that the flow of blood had virtually ceased. Time to begin clenching and unclenching that fist again.

That gave something to think about. Why did thoughts always drift back to the communists? Despite the Moscow-Berlin pact weren't there many who had sincerely marched with fists upraised to champion the cause of the underprivileged? Hadn't they from the depths of their hearts hurled defiance at Hitler? This was the same but a different kind of gesture. The idea was to clench this fist to benefit some Englishmen of anonymous class—to help save the life of some air raid victim, I hoped. I must give my full pint. Open, close, unclench, clench.

Whatever was around my arm was tighter now; the muscles were getting a bit sore. Possibly it would help to try to keep time to something like, "The Ferryboat Serenade." No, that didn't do much good; probably I didn't know the tune well enough. The thing to do was try to keep time, Rhythm was the idea; after a while it might become automatic. Pull hard, that was the least one could do. I must be nearly at my quota. The

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blue-eyed nurse continued to murmur encouragement. It was work, but it seemed to be going well enough.

All of a sudden things began to be different. There was a strange feeling at the pit of my stomach. The fingers in both hands began to throb, grow numb. The brain seemed fuzzier than usual. I admitted I felt faint. Mme. Volunteer rushed over with some medical equivalent of smelling salts. The nurse told me to stop flexing the arm muscles. She held my hand but there was no romance in it for either of us. Things were slipping away; I tried to hold on to them. Nurse massaged my arm.

Voices hovered in the background—in the background which wouldn't focus into full consciousness. Mme. Volunteer wasn't satisfied with the way I was taking her smelling salts and told me to breathe with my whole diaphragm. That seemed to help a little. A doctor stood by for a while and ventured, "He is going to be all right." It was good to lie back with that sentence ringing in the ears.

The voices continued, "Why do they send them in here without any breakfast?" "Because they are apt to get sick to their stomachs and that means an awful lot of cleaning up to do afterwards." It was Mme. Volunteer speaking now, "Men are so emotional, you know." This last was so delightful that I began to feel stronger, and the little nurse kept things moving in the right direction by plying me with sips from a container of milk. She assured me I had given my full blood quota—"right up to the top," she said.

They were in a hurry for the bed so I sat up and slid my feet gingerly to the floor. Yes, I could walk normally. Back in the tiny dressing room after 25 minutes in the production department I found two swarthy replacements waiting in their cleeveless undershirts. They told me that one of our original quartet had just toppled over without warning. If you feel funny, sit down or lie down at once, they said. And once or twice in the course of slow and clumsy dressing I took them at their word. The man who had toppled over, the most impressive, really, of our dressing room quartet, walked in. He was all right now, thank Heaven. By the time I returned to G 1144 for another glass of milk, the floor seemed firm indeed. Would the office downtown still be there; could business possibly be as usual until I got there?

One friend from the dressing room went down in the elevator with me. He was a jolly sort, making light of the way he had had to lie down several times in the course of getting dressed. He said a big glass of rye was the thing to take and we talked airily of other banalities. But just before we parted he looked downcast and said quietly, "I have people fighting for the *other* side, you know. They don't want to fight, but Hitler tells them to get into the army or be shot. What else can they do?"

Then we said goodbye and I was back in the workaday world.

The Husking Contest

***By* Albert Eisele**

IT HAD BEEN somewhat of a struggle for George to consent to take a day off for the state husking contest.* The husking season was at its height; George still had twenty acres left, and it seemed downright absurd to drive fifty miles to watch other fellows husk corn when he himself had corn to husk. On the other hand, the contest came this year to Moville, and it would probably never come any nearer. And Esther wished to go. Esther had been cooped up rather close of late. The children, too, were eager for the outing, and as a matter of fact George himself deserved a day off.

They left toward midday, and had a basket of fried chicken along, to be eaten when they got there. In the back seat were the children. It was a lovely October day, with the hazes of Indian summer heavy in the distances.

"Well, there's one fellow," said George, nodding toward a field, "who isn't going to the contest. He's plowing."

"Is he hurting the ground, daddy?" asked Junior.

"No, he's not hurting the ground, and I want you children to behave yourselves back there. Don't make me nervous when I'm driving, and Junior, don't wave those husking gloves about. What do you want to take them along for?"

"He thinks we're going to husk corn, and that's why he picked up a pair of your husking gloves," said Esther. "He's been gloating over them all morning."

They came at length upon signs that read "Husking Contest" and had arrows pointing. "Daddy!" called Willie, "I and you we shot arrows with my bow and arrow, didn't we? Up!

* The day this went to press, Irving Bauman of Illinois won the 17th National Corn Husking Championship at Davenport, Iowa, by husking 96.71 bushels in 80 minutes. He won a gold cup and $100 in cash.

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in the sky! and you shot one far'er than I did—so high that we wonder what the birds think!"

"Be quiet now!" said George sternly, "we're getting into the traffic!" The contest was being held on a farm several miles from town, and the road was now gravel, over which the dust from many cars hung thick.

"I wonder if we'll find a place to park?" asked Esther.

"Sure! They've got a whole forty acre pasture for parking purposes . . . Hello! here we are!" From the crest of a hill they saw, below and before them a vast area of parked cars that glistened and sparkled under the sun. "Look at the cars!" exclaimed George, "like a big farm sale! New cars, too. Who says the country's broke!"

"They expect forty thousand people here today," said Esther. Parking officials waved them along with canes, and they drew up presently at the end of a parking line.

"Forty thousand people!" said George. "And do you know, a lot of people living close aren't even coming! All the way over here I saw husking wagons tied up for dinner, with the fellows going out husking again this afternoon! By tonight, I'll be two loads short. But there's no use having regrets. I've taken the day off, and I'm going to feel free about it. First let's eat the chicken; the contest starts at one, you know."

They spread a blanket on the close-pastured white clover beside the car and unpacked the basket. The cold chicken was excellent.

"That's four wishbones you children have wished on already," said Esther, nodding toward Willie and Mary; "there were only two chickens."

"They must have been wishing on the necks," said George.

"Take the spoon out of your cup, daddy!" sang Mary.

"See my big stomach!" said Willie, rising and thrusting his midriff forward.

"See mine!" cried Mary.

"Now Mary, is that like a lady?" admonished the mother.

"They all got bigger pieces of cake than me!" bawled Junior.

"There's plenty of cake," said George. "Here, I'm going now . . . I don't want to miss the start! I'll see you all later."

George hurried away between the long files of cars. "Where's the husking field?" he asked of an official with a cane. "You're a mile from the field yet," said the man. "When does the husking start?" "Pretty soon," said the man. George hurried on.

On a small rise near the farmplace, which itself was perhaps a mile away, stood a machinery exhibit, together with various other tents and booths, and it was while George was approaching this mushroom growth that he heard, borne through the hazy air, the sound of ears striking the bangboards. The contest had started! He paused—it was the old and familiar sound of corn being husked—and suddenly he found himself isolated from all thought of athletics, or pageantry, or milling crowds, and he was again alone and at work. But he was late . . . he was late to the field in the morning: the sun was up and the neighbors were all far down the fields with their husking wagons. They already had bushels of corn, and they were throwing in additional bushels to the accompaniment of that unmistakable sound of ears striking bangboards, that sound which he had heard each autumn ever since he was old enough to remember. Ah yes, here again he was, in overalls and husking gloves: he could hear the rattling of the stalks as he worked, and the foraging of his horses; he could feel the rough caress of a broken tassel against his cheek, or the more tender caress of a stray cornsilk; he could smell the whiskey-like odor of ears that had blown off and were rotting on the ground; he could see himself working through the day and on into the dusk, when the inner and unspotted husks that had been loosened by his work lay behind him, between the rows, like white papers strewn. He could see . . . But what foolishness was this?

There were about twenty contestants, all moving abreast up a long field. Lanes had been cut out in between, leaving only four rows of corn for each husker, two to husk up on, and two back. The husking wagons were all new, with high bangboards of bright new lumber, and drawn by new tractors. Close behind the huskers the people swarmed in dense galleries.

George had never been to a state contest before. He had been to county contests, which were pretty much the same, except that today everything was on a grander scale. The husking equipment was all new and more showy, the huskers all a little swifter, and the crowds larger. It was difficult for George to get near enough to each husker to get a good view, or to get some idea of the husking technique employed. That's what George was interested in, the manner in which each husker worked. George had husked corn for twenty-five years, ever since he was twelve years old. He had husked thousands of bushels of corn, and he was interested in knowing how the top-notchers did the trick.

The huskers moved swiftly, and were halfway up the long field almost before one was aware of it. The galleries had thinned out a little: many had fallen behind: mothers with children; people renewing acquaintances; boys and girls bantering; elderly farmers discussing, not huskers but corn, ears of which they held in their hands. "Now that," said one farmer as he held an ear of corn before him, "is no ear!"

George walked to one side of the field, where

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he followed the first husker for a rod or two, then moved on to the second. In this way he went from one to the other, and was able to have a close view of each husker. Some were tall, some short. Most of them were young, but one or two had gray hair. One of the older wore a patched work shirt and overalls faded from many a family wash. Some of the younger were stripped to the waist. "Now is that a way to husk corn?" some farmer asked indignantly. "Why don't they dress like cornhuskers and not like prize fighters? He can husk stripped to the waist for eighty minutes, but I'd like to see him husk like that all day! He'd think he'd been run through a dozen barbed-wire fences!"

At several wagons the wife or sweetheart of the husker followed near at hand, carrying his coat and hat. Some of the huskers jumped about nervously, making "hard work" of it, while others were more graceful. The day was warm, and the sweated faces of the men were becoming dark with dust.

The steady banging of the ears, the droning of the tractors, the crackling of the cornstalks and the chatter of the galleries made a subdued but exciting uproar. The galleries pushed and surged, and occasionally there was a whiskey smell that was not due to decaying corn. Farmers craned their necks over the rear end of the wagon box, to see how much corn there was. Remarks like "Gee, but he's throwing corn!" or "Ain't he agoing it?" filled the air. Here and there spectators with watches in hand were timing the ears per minute.

George reached the opposite side of the field, where the last husker had just gained the crest of a slight hill and from where all the other nineteen contestants were visible, most of them bunched, but with a few far ahead and a few far behind, the bright new bangboards gleaming in the sun like the sails of some flotilla of ships. He left the race to itself then and started back across the large field in the hope of finding his wife and children. "Henry Wallace did a fine thing when he invented the cornhusking contest!" said a farmer loudly. "When I was a young fellow father once hired a big redheaded Swede. The Swede challenged me to husk faster than he could. So he went on ahead with his wagon, and I followed. I chased him all day. The next morning he said, 'Now you go ahead!' So I went ahead, and he chased me all day. This went on for day after day. First I'd chase him and then he'd chase me. In the end we were both half-dead and nothing was settled. The cornhusking contest used to last three weeks. Now it lasts only eighty minutes, and Henry Wallace never gave us any finer form of farm relief!"

George walked among the straggling crowds but was unable to find his family. In the meantime the huskers had turned at the far end of the field and were husking back. The eighty-minute period was nearing its close. George walked to the nearest wagon, and in a short time a distant bomb went off. The contest was over. A dozen spectators swarmed upon the load of corn for a ride to the weighing place, a half-mile away. "Get off!" roared one of the officials. "Make room for the husker!"

"Oh never mind!" said the husker, "I'll walk up. I'm hot." He drew on a large red sweater and set out walking, surrounded by friends. George followed. The husker's face was black with dust and his hands and arms were scratched and bleeding and this, together with the large red sweater and the admirers clustered about him, gave him an heroic air. And he was a hero, George conceded.

Up at the weighing place he found his family. Together they waited until the results were tabulated and chalked up on a large scoreboard.

They set out for home. It had taken them a long time to get out of the jammed traffic, and the sun was low. Soon there was a many-hued sunset. Along the roadway, inside the fences, farmers with huge loads of corn had reached the end of the fields and were preparing to go home. For them it was the afternoon load, husked from midday till dusk. Some of them stood beside their wagons removing their husking gear; others were leveling off the corn that was piled high; still others were putting on sweaters and coats.

George drove ten, twenty, thirty miles. Night was falling, but still there were huskers drawn up at the end of fields with huge loads of corn. Forty thousand people had attended the husking contest. But not everybody had attended. These men along the road, with their afternoon loads—they had ignored the contest. And George saw that they, too, were heroes. Along the road the cornfields were becoming dim in the darkness, but even then could be seen sweatered and weary figures climbing upon high loads of corn.

Frost

I think that frost, commemorating winter,
Has more than celebration up its sleeve.
For I have seen the frost stop dead and splinter
The cold and gloom, drop on the ground and grieve
Her gossamer heart out through the troubled night.
And I have seen frost climb a window pane,
Begging someone inside to shade his light
So that he would not see life's intimate, vain
Dream dying down. I'm more than sure I've found
The unheard heart of frost! It may be tears
Escaping over-populated ground
(Whose darkened city has been weeping years)
Only to find itself a storey higher
Where fire is frost and frost is frozen fire!

ALBERT CLEMENTS.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

SEVERAL letters have reached me from readers of this department who also have been reading the book by Lawrence Dennis, "The Dynamics of War and Revolution," which I wrote about in THE COMMONWEAL of September 13. I concluded my remarks at that time with the statement that Mr. Dennis's work, by which I meant his lectures and writings as well as his latest book, "were highly significant and important items of the times. And to their discussion, from this point of view, I shall return—but not until after my vacation." I deeply regret the deplorable fact, which has been revealed by the general tenor of the letters about the book referred to above, and also by the misleading use of what I said about Lawrence Dennis and his book in my first article in advertisements of the book appearing in THE COMMONWEAL—and perhaps elsewhere, though on this point I have no evidence—that some at least of my readers most erroneously drew the conclusion that I was praising the book and recommending not merely its perusal but also the adoption of its own thesis, and the putting into effect of Mr. Dennis's program of American National Socialism. The advertisement of the book said: "Has been given the highest praise by as widely divergent critics as Michael Williams, Harry Elmer Barnes and F. L. Schuman."

Merely because in pursuance of the strict canons of any decent code of conscientious criticism, which call upon an honest critic to do his best, according to his own lights, to be just in his judgments, I tried to distinguish between the credit due to its author for his great talents as a thinker and writer, and the utter condemnation which ought to be pronounced by a Christian critic, or any critic to whom moral principles are valid, upon the fundamental thesis of his book, I now find myself most erroneously listed by at least some of my readers among the supporters of Mr. Lawrence Dennis. Moreover, in my first article, I not only declared my belief, and my reasons for holding the belief, that the Dennis book was of high importance, but also my opinion—largely based upon personal acquaintance with Mr. Dennis, but even more upon the impression his book conveys of the sincerity of its author—that the book should not be regarded "as a piece of venal Nazi or Fascist propaganda of the Fifth Column type." But I also said, in the same paragraph that absolved Mr. Dennis, in my personal opinion at that time, from suspicions of "venality" in his propagation of National Socialist ideas in the United States, that although Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin never find it difficult to find and hire literary and other types of propagandists and to organize agents in other lands than those they directly rule, such mercenaries, while useful, are never so forceful and persuasive as the native converts to whatever form of faith it is the purpose of any particular form of propaganda to spread.

No doubt I too rashly took it for granted that my readers, at least my regular readers, were so well acquainted with my utter abhorrence of, and absolute disagreement with, the pernicious philosophy and destructive practices of the Nazis and Fascists and Communists, that none of them would mistake my intentions in discussing Mr. Dennis's book. Well, my rashness has recoiled upon me, and I must do my best to correct the mischief by making it as clear as possible that clever and brilliant and forceful as Mr. Dennis's book undoubtedly is, and sincere as its author may be in holding and urging his ideas, the book itself was not praised but condemned by me in my first review. It was condemned at least by all implications based upon my full acceptance of a philosophy of thought, and a doctrine of beliefs on which my philosophy is based, which are completely opposed to the deadly doctrines and philosophies of moral nihilism underlying Mr. Dennis's poisonous propaganda for National Socialism for the United States—and in this second review his views are condemned explicitly and in their totality. Moreover, after having received from Mr. Dennis, or his business office, a steady stream of his highly expensive propaganda sheet, "The Weekly Foreign Letter" (four to six small mimeographed sheets weekly for which twenty-four dollars a year are nominally charged) there is no shadow of doubt in my mind that, whether Mr. Lawrence Dennis is being financially supported, in any way, or not at all, by the Lord of the National Socialist World, Adolf Hitler, nevertheless not only in his book but in his active journalistic and platform work he, Mr. Dennis, is a poisonous propagandist for the diabolically evil forces of the atheistic world revolution of which the form of National Socialism he advocates for America is integrally intended to be a part.

Not only does he base his thinking upon the same absolute acceptance of purely materialistic, and hence atheistic, first principles as do the proponents of Communism, Nazism and Fascism (denominated by him as the principles of "realism") but also, because while he consistently denies the reality and validity of moral and ethical principles as applicable to the problems of statecraft, of practical politics, of economics, of warfare, or of propaganda, while to him as to all other propagandists of his evil school, nothing is true or false save as the purposes of the new world revolution are advanced or retarded, at the same time in his propaganda sheets Mr. Dennis employs the vile nazi tactics of charging the leaders of the forces opposing the world revolution with the most deliberate of sinister motives. Thus he appeals, with ruthless cynicism to moral and ethical standards in the political and economic arenas which in his book, as a philosopher, he repudiates. He does not scruple constantly to accept as completely matter-of-fact the entire corpus of nazi accusations against their opponents, for that fits in with his own conviction of their "realistic" truth (a position which is logical, no matter how it may be disagreed with) but also he does not scruple to accept as completely true the fables of nazi propaganda as to the actual success of all the nazi aerial, naval, military, diplomatic and economic blows so far struck at their foes. Again, he assumes as proven the desirability of our own country recognizing National Socialism as being absolutely inevitable, and, therefore, of taking the proper measures promptly to transform itself into a dictatorial National Socialist empire. Not only so, but he does not scruple to smear all persons

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identified with the struggle against the nazis and their allies with the basest of motives. President Roosevelt, in Mr. Dennis's weekly sheets, is never presented otherwise than as deliberately striving to lead his country into war because of his own personal ambitions. Winston Churchill is similarly pictured, and, in addition, is declared to be senile and alcoholic. Nor does Mr. Dennis scruple to employ the poison of anti-Semitism, nor to attempt to pervert the thinking of Catholics by misconstruing the sacred peace based upon justice sought by the Vatican as a peace of surrender to Hitler's slavery.

So again, I urge my view, as in my first article, that Mr. Lawrence Dennis, his book, and his Weekly Foreign Letter, are important, and should be studied and read—but I do so not to praise him, but to expose him as an evil influence, dangerous because what he represents is already a strong force in the United States, and threatens to grow strong enough to undermine and finally to destroy our wholesome fundamental institutions and deliver us over to the evil slavery, the diabolical new paganism, the anti-God materialism, now being spread with fire and sword, with lies and treachery, with poisonous propaganda, throughout the world. When Europe's Christian forces seemed at bay, centuries ago, when earlier tides of pagan anarchy flooded Christendom, the soldiers of the Cross went into battle, as we are told in the Song of Roland, with one great affirmation pouring from their souls into words: "Christians are right, pagans are wrong!" Now again all issues converge upon the affirmation and application of one supreme issue, moral right against pagan nihilism. All the half truths, and occasionally wholly true things, said by such writers as Lawrence Dennis as to the follies, weaknesses, and crimes accompanying the development of economics, and all other social problems in the so-called "democratic nations," our own included, should not blind us to the truth that the destruction of the democratic régime, instead of its vital reformation (desired by all its true friends, and by none more ardently than by the Holy Father of the Church which created the strongest forces striving for expression in democracy), as desired by Lawrence Dennis, would be unmitigated disaster. Moral considerations are not "unrealistic," as he eloquently claims. On the contrary, in the real dynamics of society, moral considerations have the real power which alone can save us from the evil results of the wars and revolutions promoted by such apostles of nihilism as Lawrence Dennis.

Communications

BLOCKADING THE CONQUERED PEOPLES

Bronx, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As a contributing editor of THE COMMONWEAL I wish to express my disagreement with the editorial initialed E. S. in the issue of October 18. In this editorial E. S. advocates sending food to the starving peoples of Europe.

E. S. argues that England "is fighting for her life" while the United States is not. What England is fighting *against* is as important as what she is fighting *for* and it is important not only to England but to the United States. England is fighting against a power which in fact and in theory denies the unity of the human race and the rights of the individual. Those who believe in democracy and Christianity cannot disregard this fact that England is fighting against a state which deprives man of his human rights and denies Christian values. The well-being of the United States and the preservation of the principles upon which this country was founded are at stake. This is not simply a war of the British Commonwealth against the German Reich.

His second point is that "It is one thing to blockade an enemy, another to starve the peoples he has conquered." In this instance such a distinction does not hold. The conquered peoples of Europe, because of their unfortunate position of being dominated by the Nazis, are, whether they will it or not, aiding Germany. Germany has taken their food, the supplies they produced, the resources they possessed, their harbors, their defences, their airports. In these circumstances England is forced to treat the conquered peoples like an enemy.

E. S. then argues that "In the last war Hoover's commission demonstrated that the Belgians could be fed without supplying the Germans." It is true that under certain conditions which the United States cannot impose or enforce, food might be given to those who need it. The first of these conditions is that Germany return to the conquered nations the food she has seized and carried away. The other conditions for the proper distribution of food can also be granted only by Germany and they can be guaranteed only by Hitler's promises. Everyone knows how much his promises are worth.

Germany needs food. That is why the Germans have taken the food supplies from the conquered countries. If Germany takes and uses the entire food supplies of the conquered peoples and they in turn are fed by this country then the United States is aiding Germany. E. S. favors this aid to Germany. He does not make it clear whether or not he believes that the aid now being given to England should be continued. Surely he cannot think that the United States should prolong the war by giving aid to both sides. If he does not hold this inconsistent opinion that we should give aid to both sides, does he believe what he has not stated—that the United States should not aid England?

The other arguments that E. S. gives are falsely humanitarian. It does seem to be "inhuman" to refuse food to conquered people whose own food has been stolen. But it is more inhuman to strengthen in any way the Nazi conquerors of these people—conquerors who deny even to the people of their own nations human rights which have a value higher than food. The means of war are inhuman and always have been. Yet, as Catholics, we believe that war under certain conditions is justified. Granting that this is a just war—and E. S. has not said that it is not—it is only sentimental to select the withholding of food as an inhuman weapon while the other inhuman weapons—bombs and shells and torpedoes—are being used systematically to kill human beings.

RUTH BYRNS.

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The Stage & Screen

Charley's Aunt

"FOR AN evening of pure unadulterated fun you must go to 'Charley's Aunt.'" This was a phrase used by a dramatic critic in the early days of the Gay Nineties. It ought to be repeated in this October nearly half a century later. "Charley's Aunt" is as funny as it was in 1893 for three reasons: the material is there to work with, it is magnificently acted, and its director has invented new business and revitalized the old. Brandon Thomas was the author, and he concocted situations which are timeless in their humor, and dialogue which properly given has not dated. The actors under Joshua Logan's direction give that dialogue superbly, José Ferrer in particular in the rôle of Lord Fancourt Babberly proving himself a farceur of the first order. Mr. Ferrer's high spirits, his charm, his incisive touch mark him as a young actor who ought to go far, for we have known before that he can play serious parts as well. The two Oxford youths are well played by Thomas Spiedel and J. Richard Jones; Harold deBecker is a man-servant of man-servants; the three maidens are attractively portrayed by Mary Mason, Phyllis Avery, and Katherine Wiman; Nedda Harrigan as the real aunt gives a performance filled with charm and understanding humor; and Arthur Margetson and Reynolds Denniston are perfect as the middle-aged suitors. In a day when laughter is needed indeed, "Charley's Aunt" brings to us the hilarity of happier times. It is a "must" for all playgoers. *(At the Cort Theatre.)*

Cabin in the Sky

THIS musical play, book by Lynn Root, lyrics by John Latouche, music by Vernon Davis, was unquestionably inspired by "Green Pastures." It is a Negro fantasy dealing with the struggle for the soul of a lovable but erring darky who, because of the prayers of his faithful wife is given a second chance on earth. The Devil's son on one side, and "the Lawd's" General on the other fight desperately for the victory, and though almost at the end Little Joe's wife Petrunia fails him through a misunderstanding, she and Joe are finally admitted through the Pearly Gates. It is an interesting idea, and carried out on the whole successfully, with humor and often with pathos. Indeed there are moments when it approaches the originality of "Green Pastures." And if the end is not up to the beginning, it is certainly worth seeing. There are three or four songs, too, which will be whistled, and one of them, "Taking a Chance on Love," ought prove one of the tunes of the decade. The cast is excellent with Dooley Wilson as Little Joe and Ethel Waters as Petrunia giving superb performances. "Cabin in the Sky" is novel and is also on the side of the angels. *(At the Martin Beck Theatre.)*

George Washington Slept Here

THIS is not one of George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart's most successful comedies. It has an amusing idea in the trials of city folks who want to become bucolic, but its story is weak and its characterizations are those of humors rather than people. But it has its hilarious moments of wisecracking, moments rendered the funnier by such sterling players as Jean Dixon, Ernest Truex, Percy Kilbride, Ruth Weston, and Edward Elliott. The performance of the evening, however, is given by Dudley Digges as an old fraud of an uncle. It is a pity that such a superb portrait had to be wasted on such a trivial play. Those to whom wise-cracks are enough will find "George Washington Slept Here" to their liking, and even others will find amusing passages. *(At the Lyceum Theatre.)*

Blind Alley

THIS is a revival and an excellent one of James Warwick's exciting psychological melodrama of a few seasons ago. "Blind Alley" has not dated, though the Freudian episode in the last act begins to seem a little forced. We don't take old man Freud with the seriousness some of us once did. Roy Hargrave acts again his original part of the pathological gunman, and is as effective as ever. James Todd gives a sincere impersonation of the psychoanalyst, and Lila Lee is a handsome wife, but the newcomer who makes the greatest hit is Bernadine Hayes as the gunmoll. Miss Hayes has a dynamic personality, as well as looks. *(At the Windsor Theatre.)*

GRENVILLE VERNON.

That Funny Little Man Again

WHEN the great Charlot is funny in his new picture, he's at his very funny best; but when the world's most famous comedian takes himself and the world's woes too seriously, he goes sour. Mr. Chaplin hasn't liked the adverse criticisms that the New York reviewers gave his film; he has already told them that they don't know what they're talking about when they say that the picture has too much propaganda and an old-fashioned technique. But what Chaplin forgets is that clowns are supposed to be funny in the laugh-clown-laugh tradition, and now people want to laugh at Chaplin the clown—not at Pagliacci laughing through his tears. The Jewish persecutions in the Ghetto scenes and Chaplin's own, long, plea for peace and unity at the film's end are not funny—and are not meant to be. The grimness of the tragic situation does not mix well with the much-loved humorous Charlie Chaplin. A little judicious cutting (those scenes need not be eliminated; but neither need they be so repetitious) would make a great movie out of this picture for which we have waited five years. Evidently Chaplin has also forgotten George M. Cohan's sage advice: "Always leave 'em laughing."

Regardless of errors in taste (or perhaps they are faults in timing, because the world is too much with us now), *"The Great Dictator"* has some of the most delicious comedy that has ever been in a film. Slapstick—when Chaplin as the little Jewish barber performs his heroics in the first World War. Satire—when Chaplin as Adenoid Hynkel, the Dictator of Tomania, does a devastating take-off of Hitler complete with ineffectual salute, silly mustache (Chaplin had it first), hysterical voice (which is

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perfect in a Hitler-rabble-rousing speech in which Chaplin speaks with a German-accented gibberish and double talk that is almost understandable), and a few intimate scenes speedily taken from a nervous dictator's busy day. Burlesque—when Jack Oakie in an exceedingly funny, low-humored parody of Mussolini meets with Hynkel. Chaplin has produced, written, directed and acted in "The Great Dictator," and if he wants to insert his personal propaganda by showing again and again how the Jews are being maltreated and by winding up with an out-of-character, embarrassingly inartistic speech about greed that has goose-stepped us into hate ("but do not despair; this is but the passing of greed"), that is his privilege. He more than compensates for these lapses with two unforgetable moments of hilarious comedy alone; when Hynkel does a deftly delicate bubble-dance—with the globe as a bubble, and when the Barber shaves his customer in perfect rhythm with Brahms' Fifth Hungarian Dance.

"Arise My Love" also tries to mix comedy and tragedy, and almost succeeds. It follows the careers of a female foreign correspondent and a male flier from the summer of '39 in Spain when she saves him from a firing squad after some facetious playing around with death, through a lot of l'amour in Paris and Hemingway bravery concerning the world's crashing about them, until the present when they both prepare to return to America and spout preparedness propaganda. It is loaded with smart chit-chat, most of it so smartly raw that it must have gone over the heads of the Hays office. The more dangerously exciting the situation is, the more witty the cracks are: in a plane being pursued by Spanish Nationalists, in a train going to Berlin and Warsaw, even on board the Athenia. Although it is difficult to reconcile the gay humor with the realistic tragedy of events portrayed in Europe, the result is surprisingly brisk entertainment. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, in good form in the leads, get capable support from Walter Abel and a large cast of bit players. Charles Brackett's and Billy Wilder's screenplay is unusual for its continued flow of clever lines and because it calls Chamberlain, Hitler and Ribbentrop: Chamberlain, Hitler and Ribbentrop. While Mitchell Leisen has directed the film well and with a fast pace, I wish he had omitted a few of the interludes and had not been so slow about getting around to the finale and inevitable clinch.

If *"Down Argentine Way"* is an example of the siege of good-neighbor movies that we're in for, we are certainly going to be sorry that anyone thought up the idea. Even for this costly Technicolor film, Darryl Zanuck didn't bother to hunt up a new theme, but just transferred the same horsey, family-feud story from "Kentucky" and "Maryland" down into S.A. Don Ameche and Betty Grable flounder around with a silly plot, mouth lines about love or eyes being like a storm over the pampas and frequently burst into song and dance. Charlotte Greenwood and the Nicholas Brothers manage to break the tedium. The picture's two high spots belong to Carmen Miranda who opens the film with "Sou's American Way" and later sings some swell Brazilian numbers.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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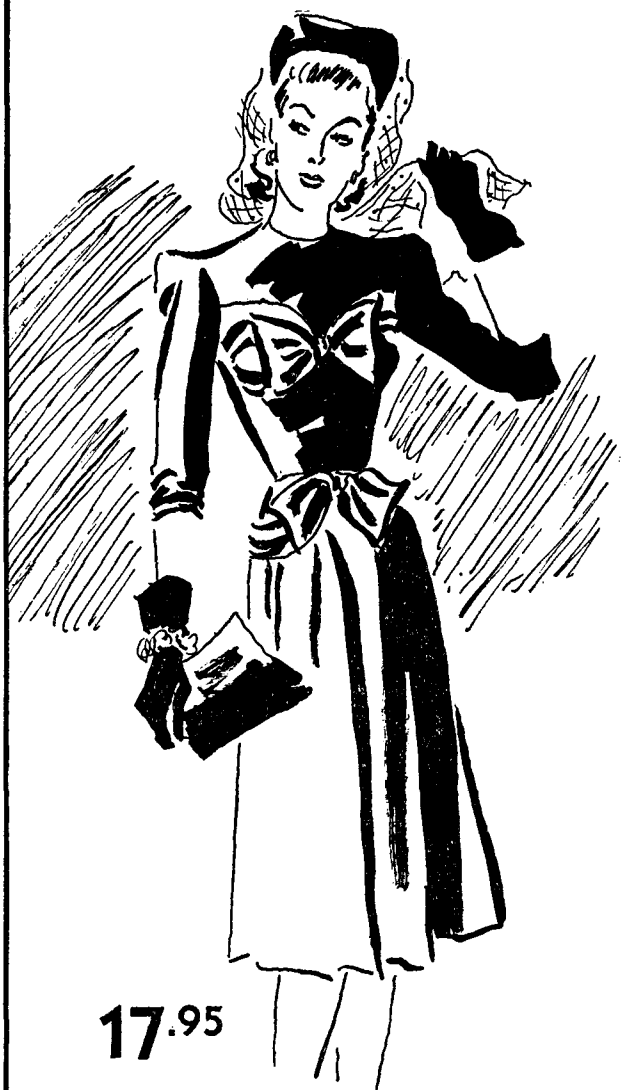

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Books of the Week

The Pope in a Troubled World

The Pope Speaks. Harcourt. $2.75.

THIS BOOK is a compilation of the sermons, radio broadcasts, allocutions and encyclicals of Pope Pius XII. There is a preface by His Excellency, Most Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, D.D., Chairman of the Social Action Department of the N.C.W.C., and Honorary Chairman of the Catholic Association for International Peace.

The book is divided into three parts. The first is entitled Pius the Man and His Efforts for Peace. The author gives a biography of the present Holy Father and tells the story of the Pontiff's almost unbelievable efforts for peace. Many interesting incidents in the life of the Holy Father are set forth, beginning with his birth in Ponte, a suburb of Rome, near the Tiber. The author treats of such topics as the future Pontiff's attitude toward politics, his twelve years in Germany, his confidence in prayer, the three visits made to England, his work under Benedict XV, his gift for languages, the tour which he made in this country and his election to the Chair of St. Peter. The balance of the biography is devoted largely to the ceaseless efforts which the present Pope has made to prevent the outbreak of war, to stop its spreading throughout Europe and to protect civilians from its horrors.

The second part of the book is a translation of two encyclicals of the Pontiff and more than a score of addresses and messages. In an appendix are found translations of three encyclicals by Pope Benedict XV having to do with peace and two by Pope Pius XI.

When the Holy Father learned to his great sorrow that war could not be prevented in Europe he turned to the task of limiting its scope and avoiding unnecessary destruction of lives and property. He also looked forward to the day of peace. On Christmas eve last year he declared in an allocution: "A fundamental postulate of any just and honorable peace is an assurance for all nations great or small, powerful or weak, of their right to life and independence. The will of one nation to live must never mean the sentence of death passed upon another. When this equality of rights has been destroyed, attacked, or threatened, order demands that reparation shall be made, and the measure and extent of that reparation is determined, not by the sword nor by the arbitrary decision of self-interest, but by the rules of justice and reciprocal equity."

Here we find a powerful defense of the right of small nations to life and independence; and further, the principle is affirmed that when the sovereignty of weak countries has been destroyed reparation must be made. The nations of Europe which are now in bondage will find courage and hope in this basic condition of a just peace.

In that same Christmas allocution the Holy Father set forth his now widely recognized Five Point Peace Plan. Realizing that grave difficulties lay in the way of establishing a just peace the Pontiff nevertheless declared that this objective deserved "the collaboration of all noble generous minds." He added: "We hope and trust that all those united with Us in the bond of faith will keep open their minds and hearts; so that when the storm of war shows signs of abating there may arise in every nation men of foresight and goodwill, inspired with the courage which can suppress the base instinct of revenge and set up in its stead the grave and noble majesty of justice, sister of love and consort of true wisdom."

In his letter to President Roosevelt the Holy Father again looks forward to the day when "the roar of battle will lapse into silence and there will arise the possibility of establishing a true and sound peace." This will be done only by statesmen who understand the voice of humanity and have reverence for the Gospel of Christ. "Only men of such moral stature will be able to create the peace that will compensate for the incalculable sacrifices of this war and clear the way for a comity of nations, fair to all, efficacious and sustained by mutual confidence."

Throughout this entire book it is evident that the Holy Father does not minimize the difficulties which are obstacles to peace; neither does he fail to mention the grave obligation resting upon peoples and governments to organize a just and enduring peace by fervent prayer and intelligent action.

The author, who is not a Catholic, has made a distinct contribution to the English speaking world by bringing together in one volume the matchless teaching on the problems of peace enunciated by our Supreme Pontiffs from November 1, 1914, to September 4, 1940. In these Papal encyclicals, allocutions, sermons and radio broadcasts will be discovered the only valid formula for peace in a wretched and distracted world. Too long our own Catholic people have not studied the pronouncements of the Vicars of Christ on pressing social problems. Too long have we neglected to organize for peace as Pope Benedict XV directed us to do more than twenty years ago.

It has remained for an English Protestant to catch the wisdom and sound truth of Papal peace pronouncements and gather them into one volume like precious jewels of social thinking. Although the Catholic Association for International Peace has published many articles and pamphlets, this present work, with its biography and additional material, will serve as a compendium of Catholic thought on the vital problem of world peace.

✠ ROBERT E. LUCEY.

BIOGRAPHY

The Irrepressible Democrat. Roger Williams. Samuel Hugh Brockunier. Ronald Press. $4.00.

DR. BROCKUNIER'S scholarly study of the career of Roger Williams, founder of the State of Rhode Island, forms one volume of the Ronald Series in History whose editor is Ralph H. Gabriel of Yale University. Though full of interest for the ordinary reader, this is a book primarily for students. It comes appropriately at a time when the recent tercentenary of Rhode Island's founding would seem to have stimulated interest in the history of this unique commonwealth. Appropriate also is the appearance of so thorough a study of an early experiment in democracy, at a time when democracy, long accepted as the political and social "summum bonum," is being asked for its credentials by friend and foe alike. From amongst that singularly unamiable group, the Puritans of seventeenth century England and America, Roger Williams stands out, as by far the most attractive. He was so far in advance of the majority of those who shared his religious and political prejudices that he appears

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almost contemporary. In fact on some points, as for instance his treatment of the Indians, the present age has still to overtake him. Dr. Brockunier sketches, in an interesting manner, the English background of his subject. We see Williams, an obscure lad of the London commercial class, patronized by the famous Sir Edward Coke and sent to Cambridge. Later he appears associating with the poet Milton, and with such figures as Sir Henry Vane and Oliver Cromwell. A sidelight is thrown on the character of the last named, when we learn that the ruthless persecutor of the Catholics of Ireland, was tenderly solicitous for the welfare of the pagan red men of the New England forests. Williams, it appears, was one of the extremely few Puritans of the time who ventured to express the opinion that the Catholics might also be treated with consideration.

WILLIAM WILFRID BAYNE.

One Foot In Heaven. Hartzell Spence. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

THIS book *is* "great fun to read." Written by a brilliant son about a serious father with a brilliant sense of the comic spirit in the genuine Meredith mode, it is a mingling of several biographies: that of an individual Methodist minister, that of his family, and that of the towns and cities where they resided. The book's finest qualities are human; its deepest ardor is honesty.

> Father was pulled into the ministry. He had planned to be a physician in his native Canada and studied with that idea in view. But during his senior year at the University of Toronto he went one night to a Methodist revival to hear spellbinding old Bishop Hartzell, for whom I am named. The spell was working that night. It caught father and held him. Impressionable, burning with zeal to help his fellow man as he thought only a doctor could, his fire stoked by a Celtic imagination and a Scottish nobility of purpose, he listened to the bishop's confidence in the compassion of God . . . He was converted: as the Methodists understand conversion . . . and accepted the Call. Never once thereafter was he in doubt. He always knew that in the ministry he had found everyting he would have experienced in medicine, and much, much more.

Gifted with appearance, voice, and a mind of keen and patient subtility, Father in this book, appears as a leader de luxe. Without personal ambition toward high honors, he knew what his aims were. He planned his changes of pastorate with rare success and no confusion. Toward his parishoners in the spiritual duties of his ministry he knew the tactics of pastoral achievement and varied his strategy with victorious results. The book may make some Methodists miserable, for Father appreciated the benefits of joy in religion and communicated his philosophy with realistic relish. The theology and the ethics he expounded as a "Practical Parson" were more mature, more profoundly religious than some of the regulations retained with obstinate obtuseness in the Discipline.

As the biography of a family the book is a remarkable tribute to loyalty and family affection. The author conveys with gaiety and ease the charm of human relations. There is no sentimentality. To make good people interesting is a difficult art. If Mr. Spence sees his father as a hero, he permits him to be a human one. Like his father's sermons the author's stories of parish affairs, family affairs, and all other affairs are short, pithy, and exciting. Their mood and variety is amazing. In nar-

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Next Week

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND ORDER, by Charles G. Fenwick, has just arrived from Rio de Janeiro where Dr. Fenwick, Professor of Political Science at Bryn Mawr and former President of the Catholic Association for International Peace, is serving on an Inter-American Neutrality Commission. This article is intended to follow up Bishop Lucey's "Papal Peace Program." It cites the injunction of Pius XII, "who in his Christmas message of last year, urged us to give thought to the basis of a stable peace, regardless of the fact that war was then in progress." An important aspect of the struggle against totalitarianism.

REDS IN THE GUILD, by Frank Rahill, discusses in detailed fashion, naming names, the membership and control of the widely attacked and defended American Newspaper Guild. He ascribes the ease of domination to the following, "In trade unions, as in most organizations whose affairs are administered in large part by the membership, it is the people who do most of the work, and hence get to know most about the union's business, to get elected to office, other things being equal. Now, the run-of-the-mine American newspaper man is not disposed to devote much, if any, of his leisure time to union affairs; average attendance at general membership meetings, held quarterly, is 10% under normal conditions. With Party members, however, it is a different story."

THE POST OFFICE ASSISTS, by Ursel Hauser, is another first-hand story—this time of alien registration in a big American city. So, too, is **LITURGICAL WEEK IN CHICAGO,** by H. A. Reinhold, which the author, founder of the Apostolate of the Sea, calls "the greatest event in the history of American Catholicism."

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rative interest they are dramatic and cinematic. Hartzell Spence proves that ideals are the inspiration of normal citizens, that good Americans with one foot in heaven are important to Democracy. Yet the serious implications of the book never obscure the animation of its pages.

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

RELIGION

The Steps of Humility. Bernard of Clairvaux: Translation, Introduction and Notes, George Bosworth Burch. Harvard University Press. $3.00.

GEORGE BOSWORTH BURCH probably knows as much about Bernard of Clairvaux as any man alive. "The Steps of Humility" is the fruit of twenty years labor, a contribution to the study of medieval philosophy that cannot be ignored by the student. An introduction of 112 pages is devoted to a systematic analysis of Bernard's epistemology, based on his complete known works. Since Bernard never wrote a systematic treatise this synthesis is based on letters, sermons, and essays. Without historical or critical commentary, but with complete documentation, the introduction is a model of clear writing. It may well be read with pleasure by the non-specialist who cares to know precisely what Bernard taught. Mr. Burch found the key to Bernard's epistemology in the essay "The Steps of Humility," Bernard's commentary on St. Benedict's well-known division of humility into twelve degrees. Here we have the Latin text of this essay with a forthright English translation on opposite pages. Like the "Ascent of Mount Carmel," this work is a handbook for beginners who are far from mystical experience but who can be taught the first steps. It should be of interest as a manual of the spiritual life, particularly to Benedictines.

Mr. Burch concludes with notes, appendices, and a bibliography. The last appendix, in contrasting the teaching of Peter Abelard and Bernard, reverses the traditional judgment and places Bernard as the first of the scholastics.

SISTER MARIELLA, O. S. B.

NOVEL

The West Wind of Love. Compton Mackenzie. Dodd, Mead. $2.75.

THIS is the third of that tetralogy of novels dealing with himself and his world (*circa* 1895-1939) that has now occupied Mr. Compton Mackenzie for several years. Perhaps it is fortunate that, according to classical mythology, there are only four personifications of wind; otherwise the series might extend *ad infinitum*. It seems to be the most ambitious of Mr. Mackenzie's more serious works to date; at any rate, it is the most pretentious. The first of the four, "The East Wind" was all very well in spots since its earlier pages seemed a return to those autumnal West Kensington streets and playgrounds, already so collectively exploited in "Sinister Street." Very soon, however, even this first volume fizzed up into a chemical mixture of "philosophy," moralizing and literary love-making, all gummed together in that indescribably lush and gaudy style which is Mr. Mackenzie's special gift to the literature of his time. The second volume, a revamping of the author's Mediterranean experiences during the last war, was an unqualified nuisance. "The West Wind," we repeat, is the third and has to do with the post-Armistice saturnalia (there is a fourth to come), and really there can be very little to add about it.

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If a certain bitterness has crept into this notice, it is only because Mr. Mackenzie is a writer whom we once inordinately admired. In reading "The Four Winds of Love," it is often hard to remember that its author is also the author of "Carnival," "Sinister Street," and (with qualifications) "Sylvia Scarlett." The excessive Romantic egotism of these early novels was excusable because their author was still a young man, and knew well how to tap the mixed spring of romance and naïve realism within himself. But that spring has long since become a soda-fountain pumping out endless quantities of coca cola (see the "philosophy") and sweetstuff (see the natural and amatory descriptions). Somewhat like our Thomas Wolfe, Mr. Mackenzie is, perhaps, the most subjective novelist of our time, but his subjectivism is far less interesting than that of the Catawba County boy. The real resemblance between them is that neither knows when to stop and both are shamelessly in love with mere verbiage; that is, with their own. But Wolfe was a much younger man than Mr. Mackenzie, and had he lived it is barely possible that his style would not have congealed so stickily. Yet his Eugene Gant and George Webber are, immistakably, Wolfe himself, just as Michael Fane and the ineffable John Ogilvie are, certainly, Mackenzie. Michael in "Sinister Street" was bad enough in all belief, but, among the Byrons and Chateaubriands of our times, the good John of this tetralogy takes the prize. "How that man can talk!" observes one of Mr. Mackenzie's humbler characters in "Sylvia Scarlett." Ogilvie-Mackenzie talks remorselessly through four volumes, each one four hundred pages long, and rides hell to leather the four horses of his particular Apocalypse—adolescence in the first, War in the second, Peace in the third, and in the fourth —we suppose—the Catholic Church. It is not for nothing that the word "wind" occurs in each title.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

PHILOSOPHY

Nature and Functions of Authority. Yves Simon. Marquette University Press. $1.50.

THERE is a persistent belief in modern times, according to this author, that the need for authority in society is a consequence of and in exact proportion to the wickedness and intellectual unfitness of mankind. It would follow from this that if and when the members of society become generally wise and virtuous, the need for social and political authority will have approached a vanishing point. The purpose of the present study is to uphold a contrary point of view. Its author proposes to demonstrate that the principle of authority in society derives not from the ignorance and wickedness of men, that it is not the consequence of any sin, evil or deficiency, but that it springs from the nature of man and the inevitably contingent character of his prudential judgments. Since it can never be proved in advance that this or that practical judgment, to be taken as a rule for common action, is the best possible one, and since it is indispensable to the common good that there be unity in social action, it is necessary that all the members of the community agree to follow a single prudential decision, in other words, submit themselves to some authority.

Dr. Simon handles an important problem with unusual competence. The excellence of his present effort is diminished only by his having had to confine his exposition within the narrow limits of a single lecture.

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THE FOURTH annual observance of Catholic Book Week, which takes place this year from November 3 to November 9, will be a national observance for the first time. Its purpose is to encourage the reading of Catholic books and periodicals throughout the nation. In general, the means employed to encompass this end include exhibits at public libraries and school and college libraries; book talks by librarians, professors, authors and editors; posters, and school assembles. The *Catholic Library World,* official organ of the Catholic Library Association, which sponsors National Catholic Book Week, suggests that, "in preparing for local and diocesan celebration of National Catholic Book Week, it is important to have the approval of the diocesan Ordinary in every case. Suggestions for programs will be found in the two booklets entitled, 'Book Week Aids,' and 'Book Week Manual of Suggestions,' released by the R. R. Bowker Company of New York City."

For example, in the diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y., a variety of promotional activities are planned. There will be poster contests and book and author contests throughout the Catholic school system. Books and periodicals will be exhibited, libraries will hold open house, the school assemblies will focus on Catholic literature. The public libraries of Brooklyn are cooperating by stressing a list of Catholic books drawn up by the Catholic Library Association of books published since 1910. This list in booklet form is to be published by the America Press. Two instalments of the "Reading List for Catholics" have already been published in recent issues of the *Pittsburgh Catholic.* The first dealing with general reference books lists yearbooks, encyclopedias and almanacs. It also includes such miscellaneous reference books as the *Index of Librorum Prohibitorum, Official Catholic Directory, U. S. Bureau of the Census, Home Book of Quotations,* etc. The second gives a list of useful bibliographies for children and adults. Other divisions of the list will note and describe briefly religion, philosophy, social science, history, literature, biography, fiction and juvenile titles which have been published in the past 30 years.

The Archdiocese of Cincinnati also has an extensive program planned under the direction of Sister M. Michael, Librarian of Our Lady of Cincinnati College. This will be the fourth year that Catholic Book Week is observed in the Archdiocese of Boston. Charles Higgins of the Boston Public Library is Chairman of the Committee on National Catholic Book Week, while John O'Loughlin, assistant Librarian of Boston College, is editor-in-chief of the "Reading List for Catholics." A series of lectures will be given at the Boston Public Library Auditorium beginning Sunday afternoon, November 3, and continuing nightly except Saturday until Sunday evening, November 10.

The Catholic Library Association, "a National Association organized to promote Catholic libraries and literature," was founded in 1921 as the library section of the National Catholic Educational Association. Ten years later it took on independent existence. Among its objectives are the encouragement of professional training for its members and proficiency in library science by Catholic librarians; the production of bibliographical and other research aids for the promotion of Catholic scholarship; "To assist in standardizing Catholic library schools by cooperating with National and State accrediting agencies"; to collaborate with such organizations as the National Catholic Educational Association, the American Library Association and the National Catholic Welfare Conference; "to establish common norms of cataloging practice in the field of religious literature."

Among the Association's publications there is *The Catholic Library World,* published monthly October through May at the University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania. Then there is the *Catholic Periodical Index,* the last volume of which covered fifty leading American and English periodicals and several foreign language ones for the years 1930 to 1933. This volume includes 50,000 direct references and 25,000 cross-references. Additional volumes for the 1934 to 1939 period and from January, 1939, onward are contemplated. The Catholic Library Association is also collaborating with the Midwest Regional Unit of the National Catholic Educational Association in preparing a list of Catholic books for college libraries. Lists for high school libraries and elementary school libraries are to follow.

Other publications include "Saints for Modern Readers," by Sister Jane Frances, O.S.B., of Mt. St. Scholastica College, Atchison, Kansas, which is labeled "The Catholic Reader's Guide, No. 1." Also published under the auspices of the Association are the *Seminarians Reading List* and the *Seminarians Reading List: Minor Seminary,* published by St. Meinrad's Seminary of St. Meinrad, Indiana. Several members of the Catholic Library Association have published books along similar lines including "Early Catholic Americans," by Wilfred Parsons, S.J.; "A Guide to the Encyclicals of the Roman Pontiffs from Leo XIII to the Present Day," by Sister M. Claudia Carlen, I.H.M.; "Selected, Annotated List of Books and Magazines for "Parochial School Libraries," by Mary C. Devereaux; "New Worlds to Live: a Catalogue of Books for Catholic Boys and Girls. Selected. Annotated. Illustrated," by Mary Kiely; "Reading for Pleasure in the Elementary School, First-Eighth Year" (Parts 1-4 and 5-8), by Sister Jeannette Murphy Lynn; "Library Handbook for Catholic Readers," by William T. O'Rourke; "Index to American Catholic Pamphlets," by Eugene P. Willging.

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